

"ONLY A BIT OF CHILDHOOD."

What did the baby go for?
Softly the summer night
Fell like a benediction
On the baby, shrouded white.
Only two golden summers
Twas not a life, we say—
"Only a bit of childhood"
The great God threw away."

What did baby go for?
O thou shadow of death!
O thou angel! thou demon!
I cry to the sunlit heavens,
And no voice answereth.

Will there ever come a morn'g
When, with our tears all dried,
Resting in fair, green pastures
The river of life beside,
We shall know beyond all doubting
Just why the baby died?

Oh, thank God for the children!
Aye, give thanks, though we lay
Under the "soot of the valley"
The fairest of all away.
Thank him for those that leave us!
Thank him for those that stay!

—Maudie Moore.

GLAD AND GRATEFUL TO THE END.

Because I hold it sinful to despair,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;
Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breeze
blows
By every ray and every rain drop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow.

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?
Why should I hug life's ill with cold reserve
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more glad than I deserve
God gives me every day.
And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow
shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are
past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patience I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.
Then, yes, we need not with childing let me be;
I must be glad and grateful to the end;
I grieve you not your cold and darkness, me
The powers of light defend.

—Celia Thaxter.

Realm of Fair Women.

FASHIONS, CUSTOMS, THOUGHTS AND MANNERS OF MOD-ERN LADIES.

THE question of reform in the wedding journey is now being agitated by leaders of English society. They maintain that much time and money are thrown away needlessly on this ideal trip; and that not only is there no adequate compensation for this loss, but that frequently the honeymoon is thereby robbed of its blissful serenity.

A dozen letters have appeared this week in a London daily suggesting that the honeymoon should be curtailed and simplified. One humorous writer, who dates his letter from Grosvenor square, the most fashionable part of London, declares emphatically that the newly married husband tires of the honeymoon. He may get very tired of it, or only just a little, but he tires of it. He may idolize, adore, love or merely like his young wife; but, by which ever gradation of sentiment he is attached to her, he still tires of the honeymoon. Sometimes, indeed, it is added, the more he loves his spouse the more the wedding journey annoys him.

The period of betrothal is an irritating and annoying one for the man. The wedding preparations, so highly appreciated by the bride, are a source of continual worry for the bridegroom. From the discussion over the bride's dress to the gifts from the social to the civil ceremonies, everything represents minute and assiduous labor; so much so that, unless he is aided by immense love, great longing or strong interest he could not persevere in his task. Therefore the bridegroom, when the wedding day arrives, is in a state of acute irritability (no man can possibly be tranquil on this day unless he is an imbecile), and the departure for the honeymoon, always harassed by complications, delays and confusion, only augments his annoyance.

According to another correspondent, it is next to impossible for things to go smoothly and pleasantly during the honeymoon. The young wife observes her partner. If he is too free and easy she thinks him cold toward her; if he is humble in his demeanor she gets too proud; if he is disposed to give her a little liberty she is uneasy; if he is jealous she is unhappy. And the opportunities for such observation and reflection occur continually in the course of the honeymoon.

It is true that there is love to overcome all these little disagreements. But alas! alas! it is impossible to love deeply on the wedding tour! And so both bride and bridegroom are dissatisfied with the journey, and both are glad to return home.—London Letter in Chicago Herald.

Forgetting People's Names.

What a horrible curse it is to forget names. I won't attempt to cheer you. I know how it is to try to introduce your oldest friend to your first cousin, and to forget both names on that very instant, and I know that to offer to cheer you would be to insult you. What I am going to do is to prove to you that you are and always will be a helpless victim to the curse. Maybe somebody will advise you to associate the name with something about the person, says Clara Belle. For instance, you meet a man by the name of Whitehead. You note that his hair, what he has of it, is a brilliant black. You may rejoice and be sure you will recollect that; so old, isn't it, black hair, Whitehead, see? Next time you meet him you clutch wildly around in your pudding brain. It is head—head, you are sure. You glare despairingly at the man from top to toe. You note his hair, what he has of it! You burst into an ecstatic grin, and hail the man as Mr. Baldhead. Now, could you do worse?

Up till that remark he had thought from your glances and grimaces that you were a harmless lunatic; now he knows you are a malicious fool. Don't try that way. Somebody else will advise associating the name with something you can easily remember. You meet a man, a very important man, a man of energy and influence. His name is Lander. Now, you are a carriage maker, and it is the easiest thing in the world to associate the name with landau. When you see him again you call him Mr. Go-Cart. It is no good saying, "How do you spell your name?" because it is sure to be lost. It won't do to ask the man for his autograph, because you are certain not to be able to read it, or else he can't write. You can just pray, that is all. Of course, if you are introducing your best friend to your first cousin you can depend upon each to remember your infirmity, and if the names escape you at the critical moment you can fire off whatever comes into your head and skip. My best friend writes books and of course she is rather pleased at the flurry her name makes. My first cousin is awfully aristocratic. Well, I introduced them as Miss Flutterskid and Mr. Danglebug. They won't either notice me now.

How Boston Girls Ride.

Go out around the reservoir on a sunny morning or a gray afternoon and you will see numbers of girls riding, all with that trim air of good training and thorough knowledge which is the first charm of a horsewoman; without it the costliest saddle and bridle, the best Holland rider being nothing. The first requisite for riding precedes this first charm, and that, of course, is courage. If one has an unconquerable timidity where horses are concerned, there's little use trying to learn to ride, particularly if that one is a girl. Boys are sometimes made courage-

ous when lacking this quality by being put on a horse. But timidity is likely to get control of a girl, and unless she is a fear less horsewoman she will never be a happy one. The truth is some girls are born to ride and some are not.

You may see a representative of the former class mount. Up goes one hand to her saddle; firmly the other rests on the shoulder of him who puts her up; the sole of her little foot presses the steady palm. "Now!" a spring and she is up. It is not the old-fashioned rocking-chair shaped saddle that is well put upon her horse's back. It is a saddle as straight as a board, where she sits upright in an absolutely natural position, with no twisting of body or legs necessary, and with no effort demanded to keep erect while riding. No chance to wrench the spine or get stitches in the side, as with the old scotch-shaped saddle which went with the long, floating skirt, the tall, ugly hat and the single reins of the past.

Now the lass who rides has both snaffle and curb; although she may seldom use the curb, it is well to have it at her command if her horse is likely to object to electric cars or sprinkling carts or other objects of his milk terror. She may ride with a little spur at her heel, too, and it is a very effective way to manage her horse. Girls don't use riding whips much, except for looks. Then a crop is carried, but there's no lash for the good steed.—Boston Transcript.

Odds and Ends.

Every woman has an odds and ends drawer, box, bag, corner or something, somewhere, and queer places they are. Bits of ribbon, so nice for hats, three buttons just go on a vest sometime, writes Clara Belle in the Denver News. Such a unique foot of a Venetian glass; going to mount a pincushion on that some time; pieces of a once prized cup, each bit carefully wrapped up to be cemented when you find time; old sashes, just the thing for facings, or pipings or something; long gloves, cut the arms off and they go on short gloves beautifully, and are just as good as long ones; a pearl penholder, I always mean to soak that pen once some time. It is stuck perfectly solid; the straw casing to a mariscamo bottle, so pretty, don't you think, gilded and tied with ribbons; I mean to do that some time; an earring, which will make such a pretty pin; I lost the mate; I must take it down to the jeweler's. Dear me! that buckle! and I bought one just to-day, how stupid! Well, never mind, it is sure to come in some day. These cuttings are from newspapers. I'm going to start a scrap book some time.

These straws! Well, upon my word! Do you remember when there was a craze for making straw frames for pictures? I had those straws left over, and I have kept them ever since. That a locket scrip. I was going to start a collection once. I wonder if it would pass now? I must get the stopper out of that salt bottle. Do you know, I have never been able to use it. The stopper stuck the first thing. Alfred gave it to me Christmas before last. That was the top of the powder box. You remember the toilet set, a powder box and two impossible scent bottles for the bureau? It was one of those. I always meant to fill a pin cushion into it. I have so many ideas for pin cushions. Sometime I am going to turn that shell into one.

Then, too, not a musty old office desk but has its odds and ends drawer. A lock of hair, a cartridge, the plate for a dog collar, a lady's glove, a broken key ring, two or three match boxes, a crisped flower, two or three visiting cards, a box of ribbon, an old-fashioned photograph or half a copper. Ah, me! ah, me! Just mention odds and ends, and see every fellow in the room look introspective a moment.

The Etiquette of the Table.

As a people, we Americans have been laughed at for eating too fast, and we are credited as being a nation of dyspeptics, writes Ruth Ashmore in her interesting department "Side Talks with Girls" in the May Ladies' Home Journal. Now, of course, this is generalizing. But you, the oldest daughter, have it in your power to make the hour at the dinner or tea table one of real delight. It is an easy matter, you will find, to start some pleasant topic; to get your father and brother interested in the talk of the day, so that you all will eat your food more slowly, and you will achieve what the Frenchmen consider the great art—you will dine, not merely feed yourself. But there are a few little questions about the etiquette of the table that some girls seem to know, and these I am going to tell her. She must hold her knife by its handle, and never let her fingers reach up to its blade. Whenever it is possible, a fork must be used in place of the knife, the fingers not touching the food part. Don't butter a large piece of bread and take bites from it; instead, break your bread in small pieces, one at a time, and butter it, that is, if you are eating butter, and convey it to your mouth by your fingers. Olives, celery, radishes, strawberries with stems, asparagus are all eaten from the fingers. The old method of eating cheese with a knife has been given up, a fork being used in its place. The use of many small dishes for vegetables is not in good taste; indeed, many vegetables should not be served at one time.

Franz von Lenbach, the famous German artist, has been commissioned to paint an oil portrait of Prince Bismarck. He has spent considerable time in Friedrichsruhe recently, studying his subject and making sketches of the ex-chancellor. The portrait is to represent Bismarck in the act of receiving a delegation of citizens on his recent birthday.

THE MONTANA LOAN AND REALTY

Own and Control More Land than Any Other
Firm in the City.

WE HAVE LOTS IN THE

Southside, Moonlight, Plymouth,
Ophir, Central, Noyes & Upton's
Clark's, Railroad No. 2,
And Valley Additions.

The Valley Addition is the newest on the market, and will shortly be one of the best. There are about 200 lots for sale, at from \$150 to \$250 per lot. We do not ask spot cash for these; lots \$50 down and the balance monthly, will secure a lot; this ground lies close to the Montana Union depot.

Information Cheerfully
Furnished About Any
Property in Butte.

PROMPTNESS
PAYS, EQUALLY
IN BUYING LOTS
AS IN
PAYING BILLS.

Low prices rule in the early season.
If you build this season you have no
time to lose.

For particulars call or write,

Montana Loan & Realty Co.

30-32-34 W. Granite St., Butte.
33 Wall Street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE!

IN BRUMBACK'S
ADDITION
—TO—
BOISE CITY
Comprising
80 ACRES.
Is plotted and
placed upon the
market, and must
be sold. The auc-
tion will be com-
menced at 10 o'clock
MONDAY,
May 23, 1892,
on the grounds.
Over
500 lots to be sold.
J. BRUMBACK,
621 Main Street,
Boise City, Idaho.

Cottonwood Game Birds,

For sale by

GEO. F. GIESER,

Originator, Formerly of Kansas City.



They are dead game and eaters, and guar-
anteed as such. Test of references.

Old and Young Stock and Eggs for sale.
Address,

GIESER & BOYLE,
Ogden, Utah.

SHERMAN
THE
UNDERTAKER
125 E. PARK ST.

Prompt and Efficient Attendance.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Undertakers' Supplies.

Bodies Carefully Embalmed

And shipped to ALL PARTS of the UNITED STATES and EUROPE.

LADY ASSISTANTS

Open Day and Night Telephone No. 57. Butte, Mont.